

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act!
Be honest in fact!
Be nobody else but you!

POETRY.

Mister Spider-Spangle-Legs.

By Leslie Clare Manchester.
O Mister Spider-Spangle-Legs,
Sailing there in your balloon;
Sailing there beyond the hedge,
Against the rim of the golden moon!
O Mister Spider-Spangle-Legs,
The dew is on your filmy lace;
I see it glint like sprinkled stars
Caught in the dim web's gossamer haze!
O little gray man with silken coat,
Asleep on the deck of your pleasant
craft,
Light are the billows that float and
float,
On light as a dream as they gently
waft.
You up and up to the golden moon,
Light is the breath of the evening air,
But lighter still your gay balloon!
I want you to live in my garden, here,
I want you to dwell the season
through!
I want you at morning, rosy-clear,
And in the even balmy and blue;
Oh, I did you more to my whitest
hedge.
As long as you care, as long as you
will,
Oh, I welcome your sleep at my garden
edge.
Gray little sailor of waters' still!
Our Friend in the Garden

He is not John, the gardener,
And yet the whole day long
He makes himself quite useful
The flower beds among.

He is not Tom, the pussy cat,
And yet the other day
With stealthy stride and glistering
eye,
He, crept upon his prey.

He is not Dash, the dear old dog,
And yet, perhaps, if you
Took pains with him and petted him,
You'd come to love him, too.

He's not a blackbird, though he chirps,
And though he once was black;
Yet now he wears a loose, gray coat,
All wrinkled on the back.

He has a very dirty face,
And very shiny, too;
He sometimes sits beside our door,
And looks—perhaps—like us.

But in a sunny flower bed
He has his fixed abode;
He eats the things that eat my plants
He is a friend, indeed.

Juliana H. Ewing.

UNCLE JED'S TALK WITH WIDE-AWAKES.

All the little Wide-Awake gardeners know how the constant rains have hindered gardens this Spring. Somehow, almost every Spring, resolves itself into a cold and backward Spring; and if it isn't too wet it may be too dry; and so it goes.

We have all wished the rain this Spring had been divided with some less favorable parts of the earth for we have had too much where they have had too little.

Here in Southern New England we have 45 inches of water on the level annually, and the last Uncle Jed knew about it there had not been rain in Aden, Arabia, for 25 years; but where there is little rain there are heavy dews at night.

While we have been having so much rain this Spring, England was without a drop of rain for 37 days, which is something unusual for that country. But England's wettest month in 1890, July, there were but two inches and a half of water fell; and in February of the same year three-fourths of an inch marked the driest month.

In India they have twice as much rainfall as we—from 7 to 8 feet on the level annually; and Brazil has twice as much rain annually as India and in sections of Africa and Peru no rain.

And the general average of rain for the earth is five feet on the level; but New England's rainfall for the past twenty years has fallen off more than one whole year's rain, or over 45 inches on the level.

And how much water do you think falls upon an acre per month? From 40 to 50 tons—more than a ton of water a day; and perhaps you have never thought of the speed of drop of water—from 600 to 800 feet a minute and you have noticed long and heavy rains harden the surface of the earth as if it had been hammered, which in fact it has.

And those who study rain find that one-fifth more rain falls upon the open ground than falls upon the top of a building; and that the higher up water is measured from the earth the less the water gauge measures. For instance, a gauge on Westminster Abbey in London measured a little over 13 inches of water in a year; while the gauge upon the ground measured 22 1/2 inches, or about twice as much.

In the temperate zone they have drizzling or misty rains; but in the tropics the rain never drizzles but pours down.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Jessie L. Brehaut, Huntington, L. I. I wish to thank you for the lovely book you sent me. It is a very interesting book and I am very much pleased with it.

Lawrence Gauthier, of Brooklyn. I received the nice prize book and thank you very much for it. I have read it through and liked it.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Australian Sights.
The Australian who, for the first time, visits Australia, will find much

to interest him. There are no thick forests there, such as are common to this country. The trees are small and the soil is poor. The settler is saved the trouble of clearing the land to find pasture for his flocks. But though the trees do not grow close together, some of them are very tall, the gum tree often reaching a height of two hundred feet and about half its height is without branches, the tree somewhat resembles a tall column.

Many of the birds of Australia are very beautiful and some would seem strange to us, as, for instance, the black swan; its feathers are of a deep black while our swans are either white or gray.

The animal which most attracts the attention of the stranger is the kangaroo. It is a pretty creature, with a head something like that of a deer, with large, red eyes. The forelegs are short, while the hind ones are very long, each forepaw has five toes furnished with claws, but the hind paws have only four large toes, of which one, on each paw, is armed with a long, strong claw or nail. The hind legs of the kangaroo are very powerful and with them the animal takes wonderful leaps. The tail is long and tapering and of great use in balancing the animal in its leaps and in supporting its body when it sits erect. The hind legs of the kangaroo serve the purpose of the four legs on other animals, and with great speed carry the creature long distances; the swift dog being no match for it.

The most singular thing about the kangaroo is the pouch or sort of pocket in which the mother carries its young. It is a very funny sight to see an old kangaroo sitting up, and a little face peeping out of its pouch, looking around to see if it would be safe to venture out.

Though timid, the kangaroo, when cornered, is a dangerous enemy, for with one blow of its long pointed claw of its hind foot it will rip open and kill the largest dog. Sometimes, too, when near the water, the kangaroo will seize its foe in its fore paws and hold it off, with hold it under the water till drowned.

The kangaroo is valuable, not only for the sake of its skin, but for its flesh, which is as good as that of a deer, both white and black. The kangaroo is easily tamed, and is often seen in museums and collections of strange animals.

How I Lost My Gold Dollar.
Seeing a piece in the Wide-Awake Circle how a girl lost her gold dollar reminded me of when I lost mine.

My uncle gave me a gold dollar on my third birthday and my sister had a link put on so I wore it as a locket. About two years ago while at school some of the girls and I were playing around the corner of the porch afterwards I discovered my "locket" was gone. I was huddled all around and could not find it.

A while afterwards the organ was given to a neighbor as a kind friend and as she was taking the old one apart, thinking of making a book case, she found the gold dollar and returned it to me, for which I was very thankful.

GRACE I. MAFONEY, Age 12.
Colchester.

My Garden.
One day just before school let out the teacher in history passed out application blanks to fill out for either "Home Gardening," "Home Canning," or "Working on a Garden." I filled out the blank for home gardening and I promised to plant at least one flower.

After the ground was plowed my uncle went over it with a harrow and then he planted the seeds. I was very busy and did not get to the garden until after the seeds were planted. I was very busy and did not get to the garden until after the seeds were planted.

One day my uncle was harrowing and I went to see him. He told me to get on the harrow and go once around. I went around and he went and went to sleep. I finished the harrowing, and he was given the credit for it.

HAROLD WILDE.
Waukegan.

The Flag.
Let us for a moment consider the origin and development of Old Glory. The most authentic historians tell us that in the year 1777 George Washington, for the thirteen struggling states, called at the little house which stands in the corner of Philadelphia where Betsy Ross conducted an upholstery establishment, and ordered that the first flag be made.

Those of you who have been to Philadelphia must have seen the quaint little place and its old and venerable surroundings. The flag, dignified and uniformed general, rooping his broad shoulders and removing his hat, the cornered continental hat, as he entered the little shop.

The maid before her the wonderful design that he saw in his patriotic heart had evolved and said: "Make the first flag of your country. Think of the privilege—think of the honor! I am sure your heart filled with emotion and your eyes with reverent tears, but Betsy Ross was a brave woman and we are told that, undismayed by that great personality, she boldly suggested that the stars be made with five points instead of six as the men had designed them.

This detail may seem trivial, but it was thus that American womanhood lent her influence to shaping the national standard. And it was woman's hand that made it. The flag thus designed and executed was adopted by congress on June 14, 1777. It had seven red stripes representing the English colony, divided by alternate white stripes; the upper left-hand corner was a field of the trust blue studded with stars of silver.

On the original flag there were but thirteen stars in a circle, representing the original colonies. As the years passed stars have never been dimmed, they still give a bright light to all the world, and the honor and glory of power have increased the cluster to forty-eight and each one grows stronger and brighter as the years roll by.

Our flag, then, is a token of God and still stands firm in the same belief. It has been carried and planted at all the great battles of our history, carried high in the clouds over the fighting legions in Europe, and guided us from the shores of Maryland, and the guns of the ship showered shot and shell on the old stone fort, the poet was apprehensive that it would

be wrecked. He kept his long lance on the flag as it defiantly flung to the breeze, at times it was in the smoke, at times it would appear again, and as the darkness of night descended Francis Scott Key thought he had seen the last of Old Glory. He kept a long vigil through the night, hoping and praying, and when dawn painted the sky with the sun's golden rays he saw the flag still proudly waving on the ramparts. His joy must have been boundless, for most have assumed his delight to his fellow-prisoners as he broke into those joyful lines which were accepted as our national hymn: "Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we've seen streaming from the battlements, in the green bay, and whose broad stripes and golden stars, whose every day, that still the world will know, that we've seen that flag waving from our depots and our towers."

JESSE L. BREAUT, Huntington, L. I. N. Y.

The Frog and the Crow.
A crow found some peacock feathers and stuck them into his own tail feathers, and then he went to see the peacock. The peacock threw at him and pecked him and he was glad to fly away.

ERNEST DAVE RENTIERE, Age 8.
Occum.

The Flag of the U. S. A.
What a beautiful flag! The Red, the White, the Blue. I love it from tip to toe. And I know that you do, too.

But if you love your flag, Forget not to honor and obey. Then if you do that You've got it down pat. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

When your flag is in need, Help and help it along. For then you can cheer When the victory is near And celebrate in song. DOROTHY PASKIN, Age 11.
Norwich.

A Sail.
Captain May them was a retired sea captain who had visited nearly every port in the world and was fond of telling over his past experiences. I once heard him tell this story.

It was sailing in a vessel that belonged to Dolin & Co. When the ship was in mid-ocean a great storm arose, the vessel was wrecked, and everybody was drowned except Captain May them and the first mate. They clung to a small raft and drifted away. As they saw an island in the distance, As the island was about a quarter of a mile away, they swam over to it, but found it uninhabited. They found some little wild animals there which they shot, for luckily their ammunition did not get wet after satisfying their hunger, they looked around for a shelter, but they found nothing but an old house.

When they entered they found a lion sleeping. As soon as the lion saw them he sprang at them, but the captain sprang away and the unlucky mate was eaten, because he wasn't quick enough to get away from the lion.

When the captain recovered his wits he went into the hut and shot the lion. Then he looked around for something to get him off the island. He found nothing but a large piece of wood, which he cut up into a high pole on a hill. Luckily a ship which was passing saw it and stopped at the island. The captain saw the ship coming and ran to the shore. As the ship recognized him and gave him passage back to England.

On the way he told the captain of the vessel of his adventures and narrow escapes.

MARTIN DELINSKY.
Dog Bites.
There is not much more danger from the bite of a dog than from a mad dog, but I later discovered it was the other way around. A bite from a mad dog is really a rare accident which demands prompt and fearless treatment.

A mad dog's bite really makes a CLEAN-UP-DAY AT MANSFIELD

Cleaned the Lawn and Picked Up Stones.
Dear Uncle Jed: Every spring as day is set for us to clean up our courtyard.

On Clean-up Day I planned to break up the lawn and pick up the stones. I picked up the chips and put them in the stove. The stones I picked up and put in the stove. I picked up the chips and put them in the stove. I picked up the stones I picked up and put them in the stove.

This morning I raked up around the barnyard and the stones were picked last year. Then I put it in a basket and put it under the house for the fire. I picked up the stones I picked up and put them in the stove. I picked up the chips and put them in the stove.

I cleaned out the hen roosts and threw the dirt out in the corn field. I swept out the shed and made it look neat.

I picked up some of the stones for I am sorry for the poor horses when they hurt their ankles.

I also made a ditch from the barn yard to the corn field because the barn yard water runs into the water we drink and it makes a bad taste. I worked quite a few days, but although it took much time and was very tiring work, I was satisfied when I saw the lawn looked so much better.

BARBARA SCHLEHOFER, Age 12.
Mansfield Depot.

Burned the Dead Leaves and Rubbish.
Dear Uncle Jed: On Clean-up Day I raked the lawn and picked up the stones. The lawn was very large and takes much work and makes sores on your hands from raking. I raked the dead leaves from under the trees and the small sticks I picked up in a basket and put in the furnace to burn.

I piled the stones on the wall and then raked the whole lawn and swept the dirt from the steps and swept up the stones near the house. I swept and raked it, and put it in a wagon and hauled it away. The sticks and stones were all picked up and the lawn was looking cleaner. But I wanted it to look cleaner. I swept and raked the lawn again. I looked much cleaner. The dead grass I threw in a mudhole and fixed it so automobiles and teams wouldn't get stuck.

I then made the yard look clean, by taking away the wagons and old pieces of wood. I put them in the mudhole and fixed it so automobiles and teams wouldn't get stuck.

I planted some ily bulbs in the garden and some sweet peas. When the weather warms come the flowers will grow and draw the attention of those nearby.

Although I worked very hard I am well made the yard with the look of my lawn and every one speaks of what a clean lawn we have.

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER, Age 12.
Mansfield Depot.

Yards Need Cleaning in the Spring.
Dear Uncle Jed: Clean-up Day I

lacerated wound. In the little roughness and between the shreds may be the poisonous snake. If these projections and depressions affording lodgment can be removed, the poison may not harm so much. It is done with a knife, the wound is then converted, practically, into a cut wound and would require treatment for such.

Remove the clothing at once from the bitten part and apply a temporary ligature above the wound. This interrupts the activity of the circulation of the part, and to that extent may delay or even prevent the absorption of the poisonous saliva.

If the wound is at once well cleansed with antiseptic washes and a stick of solid nitrate of silver rapidly applied to the entire surface, the danger of blood poisoning is greatly diminished. If a physician is at hand, he will probably cut out the injured portion or cauterize thoroughly. A doctor's help is not always at our command. In such a case it would be a safe and by no means a painful procedure to take a poison, heat it red hot, and cauterize the entire surface of the wound.

MARY BOZOVICKA, Age 13.
West Willington.

Mary's Walk.
Mary had to stay in the house a long time for she had the mumps. Her mother did not let her out to walk in the warm spring air.

The first thing she saw was a golden dandelion in the green grass. Then her brother Frank ran down to the brook to get a gray aster. He fell in and got wet.

Soon Mary was glad to go into the house and rest.

ALICE GUYETTE, Age 14.
North Franklin.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.
Wicked Mary.
Dear Uncle Jed: Mary was a girl thirteen years old who had no father nor mother. She lived with her aunt who was very kind to her.

The more her aunt did for her the more wicked she was. One night she awoke from her sleep and sat on her bed. Mary saw a little elf sitting on the foot of her bed. She looked at him in great surprise and said: "I don't know you."

The little elf told her not to be so wicked, and to be glad for what she got. So I think she got over her wickedness.

LEOLA LEGARY.
Versailles.

The Span of Life.
Life is just a short span of years. We're living under the same roof, enjoy each other's company and may bestow kindly words on each other if we are out for each other's welfare.

After a while one by one we'll drop away, and the same sad and fearful faces will see no more. Then finally, all are gone and a new generation will take our places.

While we're living, why not make life sweet for each other? Then what a grand and lovely span of years we'll have lived through. Why even the stars will twinkle with delight as they appear to view the cheerful situation of the world.

Katydid and crickets will sing, fireflies will help to brighten things and balmy breezes will blow from the south.

LAWRENCE GAUTHIER, Age 13.
Brooklyn.

The Bird Took the String.
Dear Uncle Jed: In the early spring the birds build their nests. They fly about, looking for bits of horsehair, grass and straw which they weave together. When I planted my sweet peas about four weeks ago I placed two sticks of wood in the ground and the birds came and took them. I was very angry and tried to get the string of the sticks and was flying about the other stick, trying to get the string of the sticks.

I went out and took it off myself and put it on a nearby tree. The next day it was gone. I was very glad the bird had taken it to build himself a nest.

MIRIAM SHERSHEVSKY, Age 9.
Norwich.

The Lost Pig.
Dear Uncle Jed: One morning I took a pair of dough and went out to feed the hens. I got them about half fed when the dough began to fly. I looked up and a little pig that would weigh about thirty pounds came running around the corner of the house.

My father saw him and came out. The little pig ran into the hen yard and began to eat the grain I had fed the hens. My father leaned a door up against the post and he couldn't get through. My brother Henry went into the yard and tried to catch him. He came up to the wire where I was and Henry crowded him against it and I grabbed him by the hind legs and tail and held him.

My father took him by the hind legs and carried him down to the pig pen and put him in it and gave him some warm milk.

My mother thought that the pig belonged to my uncle because he had a little pig.

Henry went over to my uncle's that day and when he got there my uncle asked him if he had seen anything of a little pig.

Henry said he hadn't seen any because he wanted to have some fun with him.

My uncle said you will never get him if he gets into the swamps. "Well," my uncle said, "I am going to put on my boots and going to look in the swamp."

Well, brother said, there isn't any need of putting on your boots. Come over to our house and you can have your pig. He took his auto and came over and got him.

ROBERT CONGDON, Age 12.
Moosup.

Dorothy in the Country.
Dear Uncle Jed: I have just come up from New York to stay with a friend of mine for a few weeks. I am very fond of the country and often go down by the brook which runs all through the pasture to pick flowers. There are plenty of violets, starflowers, wild mustard and Mayweeds.

There were so many violets that the hired man and myself picked four large bunches and sent them to some friends in New York.



A Little Dutch Girl, by Martha H. Reilly of Norwich.

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There were so many violets that the hired man and myself picked four large bunches and sent them to some friends in New York.

We have thirty-five little turkeys and sixty chickens, four horses, nine cows, five peafowls and two calves; also two pet dogs and three cats.

I went fishing in the brook the other day and caught two.

A year ago this summer I was in the country and a hard thunder shower came up and the lightning struck a tree across the road. It knocked my brother and I down, and the others ran down stairs.

Since I came up here my big brother has had the measles and says he don't like them a bit. I read the children's stories in The Bulletin and like some of them very much, and so I thought I

put in good order.

It is nice to have a Clean-up Day in the spring. So we should try and clean up the yards. I have seen in the city of New York some places that could be improved by a little such work.

Besides the work at home I helped to clean up the school ground by raking and picking up stones and sticks.

FREDERICK KORNBER, Age 14.
Mansfield Depot.

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine